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EDITORIAL

Volume 37 No 04

What is it that young men's thoughts are supposed to turn to in the Spring? Horny young girls or something? Hmm, well it sounds like a load of bollocks to us, because we think about them in the Winter, too – not to mention the Summer and Autumn. Still, it has to be said, the first rays of sun strong enough to get the girls to chuck those shapeless great coats of theirs for another year are always welcome, even if we are up to the eyes in nekkid totty most of the time! Oh, and talking of the totty, we've got another cracking array of newcummers this month, not least of whom is the deliciously pouty Honey, whose nipples on their own were more than enough to get half the office along to the shoot for some closer inspection. And as you can probably guess, they didn't disappoint! In fact just thinking of them's made me come over all funny again – **The Ed.** ♣

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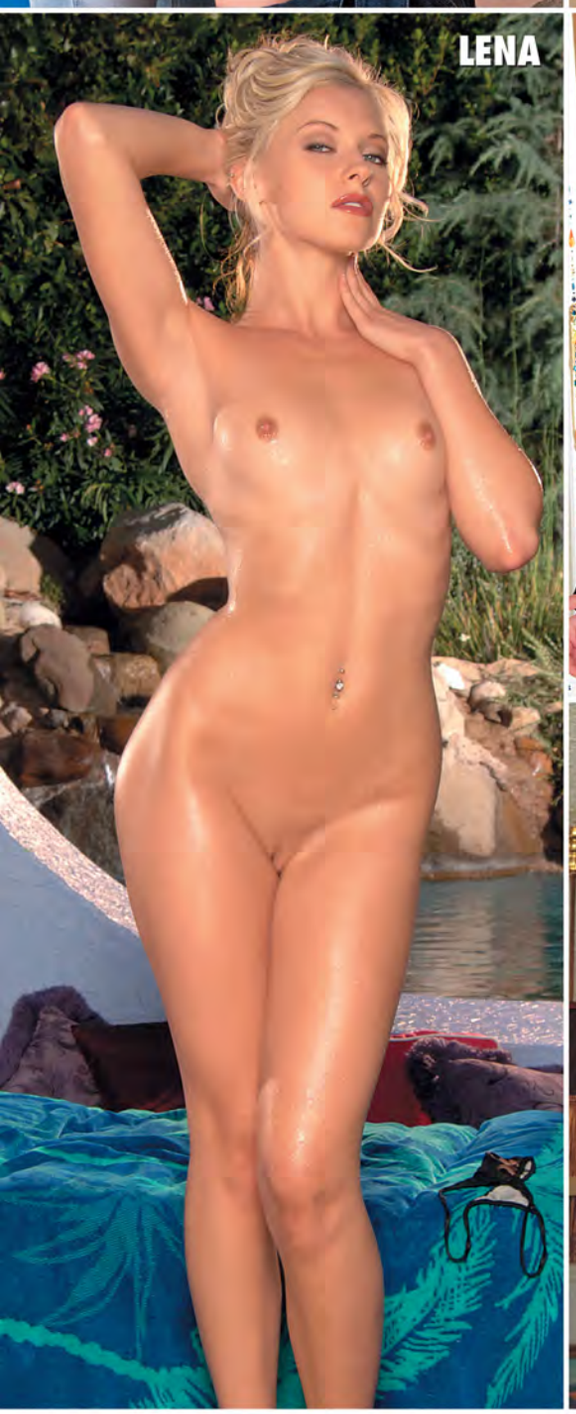

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 2 Archer Street, London W1D 7AW or email *clubint@paulraymond.com*. Best letter published every month gets £50

LUX-Y GIRL!

Lux (*Club* 37/3), you have nothing to worry about with me, if you suck my cock I will eat your pussy till the morning – and you – comes!

As it happens, looking at your lush flange, I think I'd probably be happy to go down on you for a month and never once put my dick in your mouth. Well, maybe just once, yeah?

Tank, Hitching

Well, Tank, if your cock is anything like your name suggests, lets hope you don't shoot your load inside – best to fire it out the window or something...?

ON THE PHWOAR-COURT!

You never meet horny women out on the street, or so you'd think. Yet last week I learned that's not quite true.

I was on the forecourt of my local petrol station, it was late at night and I was on my way home from a mate's house, stopping to get some milk and munchies when a striking raven-haired lady wearing a long coat paying for some petrol. She looked like she'd been out to some sort of kinky club and I could see that her high-heeled leather boots went up quite high – always a turn-on for me.

"How's your evening going?" I asked, as casually as I could when she walked past.

"How would you like it to go?" she replied with a naughty smile.

"She spent an age flicking my dick with her expert tongue..."

Game on, I thought, and I quickly paid up before following her outside, where she was waiting for me. Before I knew it, she'd slipped her tongue into my mouth and her hand down the front of my trousers. I had a quick look round to check we weren't being watched, but it was late and there was no one about. We slipped round the back pronto.

Pulling aside her coat, I was pleased to discover a short, pleated skirt and as fine a pair of breasts as one could hope for. I moved in for another kiss as one hand caressed a nipple and the other found its way past the pleats and cotton panties and into a sopping snatch.

She moaned slightly and moved her legs apart so I could work my magic as she expertly fingered my shaft. After a few minutes, she was gasping and shuddering in orgasmic ecstasy. Then she pulled me around and pushed me back hard against the wall. From the look in her eye it was obvious what she had in mind…

By now my cock was absolutely throbbing, and she gave a little gasp of pleasure as, slowly moving down my body, she caught sight of it. I was desperate for her to take me in her mouth and blow me, but she was in no particular hurry, and spent what felt like an age just flicking the tip of my prick with her expert tongue. The sensations as she swirled around my helmet were unbelievable, and it was as much as I could do to stop myself coming there and then.

Eventually she enveloped my cock in her hot mouth. By this stage I was frantic, and it only really took three or four bobs of her head on my quivering tool before I was unleashing torrents of come deep down her throat. And with that, she stood up, smiled, and walked back to her car! By the time I'd sorted myself and followed her, she was gone!

Brett, Guildford

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

GET A FOOT UP!

While swimming (with my camera) the other day, I chanced upon this massive all-girl pool fight. As far as I could gather, they were ganging up on the girl on top because she'd done a poo in the deep end and said it looked like another girl's pussy. This was the moment they kicked her, quite literally, out of the pool and into the showers…

Nicky, Telford

SEEING TRULY IS BE-EVELYN!

Words are futile in the presence of such beauty…

clubXtra For more pics of Evelyn go to:
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EVELYN

PHOTOS: PHOTORAMA

What can we say? Could it be that this gorgeous young lady you see before you has finally done the one thing we thought no woman would be able to achieve and shut us up once and for all? Well she is lovely, isn't she? The kind of babe who walks into a room and enjoys the feeling of all eyes undressing her.

And the answer is – yes! Well, almost. We were speechless for about an hour last time we hooked up with Club favourite Evelyn but we're maintaining it had more to do with the booze we'd been 'testing' the night before for Tipple X. Well, you know how it is, you test one glass and then it seems silly not to test every single drop of the stuff before heading out to find some more booze to test. Research is never easy!

Anyway, back to the drop-dead hottie that's encouraging your chopper to rise up and be counted right now – Evelyn. Come on, girl, speak up for yourself! "Hello, I – " Sorry, that's all the girl talk we've got time for! ♣

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EVELYN
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TOP TEN...

...PLACES TO HAVE SEX IN PUBLIC

1) In a building that's on fire. Everyone will be trying to escape so won't worry who or what you are shagging. One way or another you'll get stickier by the second and the sex will get hotter.

2) On the back of one of the floats in a gay pride parade. Like anyone goes to see the straight couple shag.

3) In a shop window in the high street after closing. You may have to freeze and pretend to be a mannequin every time someone passes, but it will be public.

4) On the top of a tall building in the centre of town, out of sight of police cameras. No one will see you except the pigeons. Unfortunately, they will probably shit on you, but hey – there's no such thing as a free lunch... nor, indeed, a free hump.

5) Chez Madame Tussaud's. You will already have impersonated mannequins in a shop window, so just look on the whole wax museum sex experience as taking your fucking-in-public skill-set to the next level. Anyone comes in, you pretend to be part of the display. If you and your bird try this in the Rogue's Gallery, there are the additional thrills of dressing up and role play!

6) In a car at a busy dogging spot. Get loads of attention and if you feel like inviting a raincoater inside (i.e. inside your car or your bird) all you need do is unlock the rear passenger door.

7) Centre stage at a BDSM club. Just make sure that both of you are into it, because otherwise you are likely to end up with more chains attached to your fruity bits than the mutilated victims in Hellraiser.

8) At a Star Trek convention. Come on, if Shatner, Nimoy, or Patrick Stewart are there, name one anorak who'd even notice a dozen people fucking. Besides, if anyone were to object you can pass off your frantic shagging by taping a webcam to one eye and telling folks you're assimilating your bird into the Borg Collective.

9) At a fancy dress party. Get your partner to dress up as Britney Spears or Paris Hilton you can dress up as whatever numpty is °boning them. Lets face it: both alleged hotties get fucked out of their tiny minds every time they go to a party.

10) On an embankment by a motorway during rush hour. If traffic is moving swiftly then no one will notice, and if it slows to a crawl then you'll have an even more exciting time – especially so if you like a bit of rough stuff or law enforcement play with strangers dressed as police officers.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

I know a lot of people who bitch and moan about the influx of eastern Europeans into the country but I for one am more than happy to see them come!

I work for a cleaning company running the office, dishing out the work to whoever I think deserves it, and a lot of the girls who work for me are from Poland and the like. For some reason (don't ask me why!) they all think that I give out work to the girls who are nicest to me, and some of them seem to think nice means something entirely different to what the rest of the human race thinks it means!

There's one girl, Roksana, who's really got the meaning of nice mixed up with something else, not that I am complaining. She had always struck me as being a little shy because she would never stay for even a second longer than she needed to, which I'd thought was a shame because she was very attractive to look at in skin-tight stonewashed jeans and a waist high jacket that was zipped up to just under her boobs, straining inside tight T-shirts.

Then one day, about a week after she'd started working for us, she came in and was a completely different person. Sitting down on the corner of my desk, she said "Hi," in a voice rich with meaning. I looked up to see that this time she was wearing an incredibly low-cut T-shirt, which showed off her ample cleavage enough that her boobs looked like they would spill out.

Her hand found it's way up to my hair and she ran her fingers through my locks and told me I was a good-looking man — this woman was coming onto me something chronic! Her hand wandered down my face and across my chest, speeding to my cock and balls, and suddenly she was feeling me up, asking me: "Do you have anything for me?"

If you're willing to wank me off in the office, I thought to myself, I'm willing to give you some of the better jobs! "What did you have in mind?" I said, leaning back in my chair to give her better access to my trousers. She undid my belt and opened my trousers, pulling my cock through the gap

BI THE WAY

Re: your top ten places to pick up a girl, I tried number two (Outside her home. In a car), waiting outside the house of a girl I have fancied for years. I sat there for seven hours straight before anything happened. And it wasn't what I was expecting as I am now going out with her brother. I hope in future you add relevant information to such suggestions, like check that the girl in question's brother isn't a body building muscle mary who won't take no for an answer and likes to work out while staring out of his bedroom window at possible fuck-buddies.

Jack In The Bogs, London

in my boxers and gripping it firmly.

"So," said Roksana, wanking my cock slowly, "I do nice thing for you, you do nice thing for me, no?"

"Oh yeah," I gasped, "we can do nice things for each other."

With that, Roksana smiled and slipped under the desk, taking the head of my cock into her mouth and sucking on my dick noisily. It felt so good, all I could do was hold onto my desk and hope no one came in.

Roksana brought me to orgasm quickly and, to my amazement, she wanked my off right onto her cleavage, letting my spunk spill all over her breasts.

"So you give me all the good jobs now, yes?" she smiled, perkily.

"Like you said, you do nice things for me, I'll do nice things for you," I said. So far, no one's been as nice to me as Roksana has and no one's had any of the best jobs apart from her!

John, Harrow

Erm, is that strictly legal? – Ed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

THANK SMOO VERY MUCH

Hello, I just wanted to say thanks to everybody for another great year. It's unbelievable where girls like these come from. Mind you, I have seen a fair few beautiful girls around the world.

Club is one of the things I look forward to every month. Thanks to all your beautiful girls, who always look like they're having fun!

Thanks to all the photographers, too, and their teams, for all the hard work they've put into creating these pictures.

A special one for Stella and her lovely, sexy smile – wow!

Dean, Sutton

GIRL OF THE YEAR

RESULTS!

The waiting's over, roll up your tongues and pull out your peckers, Club's Girl Of The Year 2007 can finally be revealed! And by the tiny margin of just six votes, the delicious Celeste just manages to pip man-magnet Monica to the post to take the coveted title of woman we'd most like to have boinked in 2007! Congratulations Celeste, you're the best! Third place went to Evelyn.

Congratulations must also go to Mr M. A. McGee, who wins the fat parcel of tug discs for being out of the hat first – enjoy!

THE WETTER THE BETTER!

Lena loves it damp and slippery!

PHOTOS: EARL MILLER

There's nothing like a forward girl and there's no girl like Lena! Before we'd even taken the cap off the lens, she was dripping wet!

"Being in water is so erotic, don't you think?" she said, doing the back stroke. "I love to feel the water lapping at my pussy," and then she threw her bikini bottoms out of the pool and lay there, floating on the surface like some kind of world's sexiest lily-pad.

"I like to get fucked right after I've had a good swim," she went on as she climbed out of the pool. "It is a great time to get some cock in you, you know? Your body is all warmed up, the blood is rushing round you and your pussy has been teased by the water – especially if you've been swimming naked!"

So when a stunner like Lena climbs out of a swimming pool in front of you, wearing only a bikini top, and tells you her favourite time to get fucked is right after a bit of skinny dipping, what do you do? Offer her a towel? Suggest she takes a shower? Or get your cock out? Tricky... ♣

Nowt As Queer As Fuck!

UNFORTUNATE NAMES

Improbable but true is the fact that a man named Mr Born God Supreme Thompson was recently smitten unto death by gunshots in a club in Greensboro, North Carolina. As if with a name like that he didn't have enough problems. So far as we know, police are still investigating the strange circumstances of both his naming and his demise.

Not to be outdone by the North Carolinians, police in Springfield, Illinois, arrested and charged one 24-year-old Larry Letcher with (wait for it) groping two women. Meantime, Kenneth Sodomsky lost his Pennsylvania Supreme Court bid to suppress as evidence of wrongdoing a shitload of kiddy porn found on his computer.

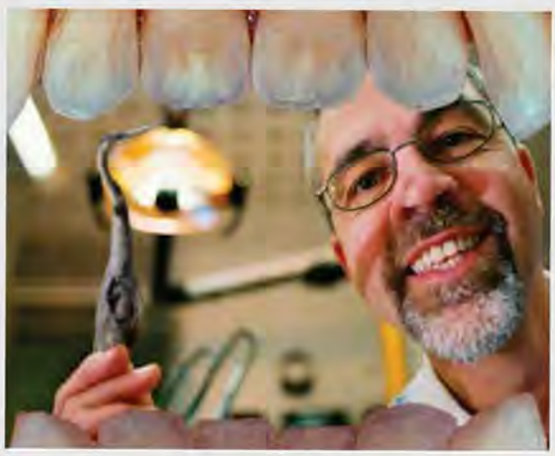
ARREST THAT WOMAN! I'M FAR TOO DAMN SCARED TO.

In Charleston, West Virginia, 36-year-old bint, Georgia Ann Newman, was recently arrested and charged with battery on a police officer after she not only spat on a Charleston cop but, as he was leading her away from her car, wiped her big snotty nose on his arm.

And in Cincinnati, Ohio, 44-year-old Teresa Walker was arrested in the course of a minor traffic stop because, while the ticket was being written, she allegedly called the police department on her mobile to complain that the officer was "writing too slowly". She later denied the officer's allegation that she had threatened to "shoot" him if he didn't speed it up, protesting that, far from offering violence (she was unarmed) she just said she would "sue" him.

MY SAT-NAV TOLD ME TO DO IT

While satellite-navigation is undoubtedly proving extremely useful, even essential, to the majority of map-shy motorists, reports are accumulating of incidents in which the human being behind the wheel allowed the technology too much latitude to exercise its own discretion. Prominent among these, examples is an incident in Bedford Hills, New York, in which a visiting Silicon Valley computer technician slavishly trusted his car's GPS and wound up stalled on railroad tracks with a rail jamming one of his axles. He only narrowly escaped destruction by leaping as a passing Metro-North train smashed into the vehicle.



MEANTIME, AT MEDICAL MALPRACTICE CENTRAL

Recently, in Syracuse, New York, music-loving dentist Dr George Trust, was sued in federal court after a drill bit snapped off and lodged near a patient's eye – allegedly because Dr Trusty was too busy dancing to the song Car Wash on the radio while he ministered to his patient.

This is no isolated incident either. Even more recently, former eye doctor's assistant Joseph Vernell Jr. was sued in Skokie, Illinois after a patient complained that, in a "dark room exam," Vernell was detected licking her toes. Vernell tried to pass off his behaviour as a well-meaning attempt to "check her sugar level".

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

THROUGH THE LOOKING ARSE

When my girl, agreed to me filming us shagging, I grabbed the camcorder and stuffed in a new cassette as fast as I could in case she changed her mind.

We'd been out to a wedding and Amanda looked fucking gorgeous in a posh black velvet dress and knee length stiletto boots, plus I'd already discovered she was wearing stockings, as it was while running my hands up and down her thighs, while she fixed us a night cap in the kitchen, that she agreed to my request to make her a porn slut.

Amanda leant back against the sink and slowly hitched up her dress, parting her legs slightly as her fingers brushed the nylon stay-ups and gently stroked her pussy.

I zoomed in and she cupped her cunt mound before easing the edge of her panties aside and exposing her shaven slit for my lens.

I moved in closer and held the camera low as Amanda spread the lips of her cunt giving me a shot of her glistening insides.

Sitting up on the draining board, my girlfriend gaped her thighs wide and slipped a finger into her pink tunnel.

I panned up her body, over her large, still covered tits and focused on her ruby red lipsticked lips. Sensing the

CRYSTAL AMAZE!

Woohoo! Thank you for introducing me to the incredible beauty that is Crystal! That's such a sexy look she's got going on there with those sexy cotton knickers and the pigtails. I was so into it that I made my girlfriend, Charmaine, dress up like that this weekend when she came to visit me at uni.

True to her word, Charmaine arrived at Manchester Piccadilly with her long, bottle-blonde hair up in two bunches, a little sleeveless T-shirt and tight pastel-pink jeans, with girlie pink trainers to match.

She played up to it as well, making out that she was just an innocent, sweet young thing and twirling her bunches round her fingers in a ditzy, dizzy kind of way. It gave me the horn something chronic. Sure, normally I've got a raging hard-on by the time we get back to my place because I haven't seen her for ages, but this time my dick was on the verge of undoing my fly and diving straight out of the gap!

What turned me on the most about Crystal's pictures was the one where she's leaning against the window with her knickers off – and this is how I fucked Charmaine first! I made her stand at the window of my room with nothing but her T-shirt on and I fucked her from behind as she watched the street outside, spunking on her arse just for good measure!

We had a great weekend and Charmaine loved all the pics of Crystal too! But her favourite was Gina and her sexy tights. I cannot wait till she comes back for some more of the same!

Ed, Manchester

camera, Amanda swirled her tongue over her lower lip and pouted like a true smut queen.

My dick was rigid inside my jeans as she looked directly into the lens and blew me a kiss. I pushed my hand in between Amanda's legs and dragged down her knickers, filming the material sliding over her stocking tops and down over her sexy black boots.

I needed to get my prick into that wet cunt fast but, without the luxury of a tripod, I had to break away and rest the camera on the kitchen table pointing directly at my girlfriend, who was fingering herself furiously.

Obviously getting into full porn actress mode, Amanda ripped down my zipper, freed my aching dick and stuffed it into her mouth. She slurped up and down its length making obscene sucking sounds just like the sluts in my porn collection.

I delved inside her dress and exposed her lovely fat breasts, squeezing them either side of my cock as she blew me. Fuck, I was close to coming so I dragged my dick clear of her gorgeous mouth and positioned myself between her thighs. Grabbing her ankles, I lifted her legs onto my shoulders and dunked my meat straight up her, my balls slapping against her ass cheeks. I grabbed her tits again, squeezing the nipples hard as I continued banging inside Amanda's tight gooey hole.

"Come all over me!" Amanda yelled and I pulled out of her and aimed at her boobs. Spunk squirted from my twitching knob and splattered over the soft quivering flesh, jet after jet of thick come dribbled over those, firm, heavenly curves.

"I pulled out of her and aimed at her boobs"

Remembering the camera, Amanda scooped up my sticky jizz and smeared it into her mouth, licking each finger clean in turn while smiling into the lens.

We watched our filthy film back the next day, after I'd burnt it onto a DVD, and it was hot! Forget that pile of fuck-by-numbers smut in my cupboard, I know what I'll be watching for my wristoffs from now on!

James, Burgess Hill ♣

IN THIS MONTH...

30 YEARS AGO:

1978. The "Punk Rock revolution" is at its zenith, with everyone sticking safety pins through their faces and pulling faces and swearing, exactly like Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious, so that they could break free of the establishment and realise their individuality. Needless to say, this line of thinking doesn't make any more sense then than it does now. For proof of this, catch *John (Rotten) Lydon's Megabugs*, where he goes round quizzing experts on insect behaviour like some sort of fucking *Blue Peter* presenter. How very anarchic... And now over to Valerie Singleton, who's going to show us how to make a thing like a cardboard cunt out of a toilet roll tube, sticky-back paper and an egg carton.

63 YEARS AGO:

1945. The Russians reach Berlin to find Adolf and his few remaining chums hiding out in a coal bunker. By the time they burst in, everybody inside was dead except that frigging SS bodyguard of Hitler's, Rochus Misch, who STILL, TO THIS DAY operates a cheery rent-a-bunker-quote service for documentary makers worldwide.

Yup, it's all a big lucrative joke to this amoral old fucker.

Now aged 90, he stills keeps schtum concerning who killed Hermann Fegelein, who was married to the sister of Eva Braun and left the bunker without authorisation, only to be shot two days later. "I know his name," chuckles Misch, who has never been held to account for anything, "but I am keeping it for myself."

Misch has recently written a book entitled, delightedly, *I Was Hitler's Bodyguard*, which has already been published in Germany, South America, Japan, Spain, Poland and Turkey. So much for the laws on not profiting from crimes and atrocities. They don't appear to cover this vile old trout, who is never off the History Channel, laughing and saying what a charming chap the Fuhrer was, and all this was a long time ago and we should all just forget the deaths of tens of millions as though they never happened.

DOUBLE TROUBLE!

Can anyone resist the charms of Renee and Jordan?

RENEE & JORDAN

PHOTOS: STEPHEN HICKS

If you've ever suffered at the hands of a prick tease, imagine how much torture it is to watch Renee and Jordan do their utmost to drive you crazy by pinching each other's nipples, licking each other's lips and fingering each other's slits right in front of your face!

Not too difficult since you can see exactly how bloody hard it was – but what you can't see is what they were saying…

"Mmm, Renee's pussy tastes so sweet, does it look pretty? Would you like to taste it too?" Jordan would purr, tickling Renee's clit.

"Hey, if you were going to fuck us," Renne constantly asked, "which one of us would you fuck first? Would you fuck me?" bending over and giving us an eyeful. "Or would you want to sink your cock in here?" she'd say, rubbing Jordan's sopping pussy.

And you're trying to tell us that the phrase 'chomping at the bit' refers to horses!? ♣

club's kit bag

This Month: GARDEN TECH

Looking to clutter your life and empty your account with unnecessary but highly desirable tech baubles for all occasions? Then you've come to the right place...

Take a look out the window, what do you see? Buds! Yep, spring is in the air – a season where the daffodils bloom, the sun returns and women, regardless of how frigid they previously were, suddenly turn into spunk-drunk bitches on heat. Oh, yeah. So, with the days stretching out before us, how can technology ensure that those lusty ladies come seeking the love-juice they so desperately need from your horn of plenty? By being in possession of the slickest, most gadget-laden garden in which to get frisky alfresco beneath the blazing sun, that's how, buddy!

Hydropool 638
Price: from £6000
www.hydropoolspa.co.uk
Six thousand fucking pounds?! Yes, 'fraid so. But, look, look! Just picture this: you, a pitcher of some delicious cocktail, 375-litres of bubbling hot water... and four cocktailed-up bubbling blondes – it can only end one way!

Still having trouble convincing two of said blondes to go lez whilst you see to the other two personally? Then egg them on with some sapphic cinema courtesy of the side-mounted LCD TV! Now, is this kind of thing, day in, day out, not worth thrice the price?

There are two models available: the Gold, which features 30 water jets; and the Platinum, which boasts 40 stimulating jets. Add to this underwater lighting (in case things get a little fumbly after too many cocktails and sundown), headrests, drinks holders and a built-in, thermally insulated, self-draining ice bucket. Now what else, other than a few knobbing anthems (or 'fuckaby's' as we call them), do you need? Bubbling boners, man, you've got a TV-ed up spa bath full of blondes! What else could you need? Some kind of robotic lawn mower, or something?

MowBot 300
Price: from £2200
www.mowbot.co.uk
Of course you do! That age old question: how do you keep your grass short enough to dissuade the likes of lost pygmy tribes, Wombles and Borrowers from moving in without a) having to sully yourself with manual labour, b) buy a herd of goats, or c) hire a swarthy gardener type, bearing in mind that (according to a good many porn films we've seen) he'll be interfering with your blonde cock-sockets every time you turn your back, has bugged gardeners for centuries. Now feast your eyes on the perfect answer: *MowBot 300*. Okay, so it may sound a bit like a remorseless robotic killer that will, eventually, run you down, slicing you slowly and agonisingly into (pleasing on the eye) stripes, but on the plus side, all you have to do is set up a 'border wire' around your garden and let *MowBot* go. He'll then use his particular form of Spidey-sense to stay within the parameters of said border, intelligently severing grass as he goes! Setting up this electric goat is so simple it can even be done by mobile phone and, best of all, he has nothing even approaching human-compatible genitals.

Speakercraft Rox
Price: from £175
www.csesolutions.co.uk
As *Ground Force* taught us, there's no room for your colossal penis-extension loudspeakers in the garden. Plus, if it rains, your house will burn down. So what's the gadget lover's answer? Top notch audio producing weather proof mo-fo speakers... that come disguised as rocks!

These *Rox Series* tune belters from Speakercraft have a cabinet designed to look just like Joe Rock and a speaker hidden behind a matching grille.

Built to withstand rain, snow, blazing sunshine, Blazing Squad, and even swimming pool acids, the odd splash of bodily fluids will mean nothing to them. Finally, it is possible to get, ahem, the Blood Hound Gang from a stone!

Crestron Waterproof Remote Control
Price: from £650
www.crestron.com
So, you've got your TV spa-pool, your self-navigating mower and your full-on outdoor speakers, bet you're feeling quite the strutting cock, huh? But wait, something's gone awry with your digital music collection and, like a hammer's blow on your Johnson, your oh-so-cool hippety hop music has changed into Terry Wogan's *The Floral Dance* (junglist mix) and is being blasted across the entire estate! The only thing you can do is leap half-cocked out of the spa, dodge the killer lawn mower and charge into the house to slap at the Hi-Fi controls, right? Wrong, Gonzo-chops, very wrong.

You see, if you'd had the Bruce Foresight to invest in the *Waterproof Remote Control* from Crestron, you could have just grabbed it as it floated by (it's both waterproof and buoyant, see?) in the spa and instantly changed not only the track being played on the stereo inside but also the volume and tone settings! In fact, as long as your AV kit is RF (radio frequency) controlled, you can control absolutely anything without even having to withdraw from the lady your were busy pleasuring. And that's sexier than sex itself. ♣

Next Issue: PUMP-ACTION MICROWAVES

GIFT OF THE GASH!

You've got to talk a good game when you're down on her pitch!

PHOTOS: ANDREW HAYEK

There's only one way to satisfy this girl and it's got nothing to do with the length of your rod…

"I rarely come from being fucked, usually guys don't last long enough for me," complained Lucille. "For me, the way to make me come is with your tongue. You can lick me out from any direction and, if you know what you're doing, I'll be like putty in your hands!"

Now there's a thought, a malleable Lucille draped over your arms!

"You know how I like it best? I like to sit on a face and fuck it, grind my clit against a nose and have them stick their tongue up my hole. God, it really makes me hot when I'm straddling some guy's face – or some girl's! – and rubbing myself against them…"

So we guess size doesn't mean much to you then?

"Sure it does! I like a nice big dick as much as the next girl – you talk like you've never sat on a cock before!"

Yeah, funny that… ♣

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clubXtra
Lucille's extras are ideal!
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

HOT LEX!

Think that Japanese cars are worthy and dull? Well, perhaps it's time you thought again...

Blacked-out windows in a car can say a lot about its occupants. If you spot a *Mercedes S-Class* with privacy glass, chances are that behind it is some no mark celebrity, taking a rare moment out from whoring themselves for publicity. A *Jaguar XJs* with dark windows is more likely to disguise the sordid sexual shenanigans of some seedy politician. And behind the tinted glass of a *Ford Galaxy* sits some ugly kid picking its nose and wiping its backside on the seat.

So what do you make of people who drive cabriolets – especially those with supercar performance? You wouldn't get a hairdresser or a Sunday driver in a *Lamborghini Gallardo Spyder* or a *Porsche 911 Turbo Cabriolet*, would you? No, these people are loaded and don't mind flaunting it. It's flash, but in an acceptable way. They're telling you to go ahead, spit in their car as it drives past, even take a dump in it when it's parked. They don't care, because whatever you do, they'll still be considerably richer than you.

So what on earth is Lexus doing treading on the toes of this market sector? Since it arrived in the UK in 1990, Toyota's luxury arm has been synonymous with worthy but dull executive saloons and, more recently, self-righteous hybrids. So far, the only vaguely sporty Lexus to come has been the appaling *SC 400*. But the new *LF-A Roadster* promises to revolutionise the brand's image.

It made its world debut at the Detroit Motor Show at the start of the year, and follows on from the *LF-A coupe* that was first seen on the stands of the same event in 2005. Instantly, the most striking thing about the newcomer is that it doesn't look like a Lexus. There are none of the bland, generic Japanese lines that distinguish the rest of the line-up. Instead, the car takes on a bold and dramatic shape, and hints at its performance potential from the moment you see it.

"Instantly, the most striking thing about the newcomer is that it doesn't look like a Lexus"

It's 4,460mm long, 1,894mm wide and 1,219mm high, while the wheelbase measures 2,606mm. That makes the *Roadster* slightly bigger all-round than the coupe, although the stylists have done a great job in hiding this. They've produced a compact, elegant design honed from a blend of lightweight carbon fibre and aluminium using cutting edge construction techniques.

The long, swooping nose looks fantastic. The wings taper sharply, following the curve of the wheelarches – which house enormous 20-inch alloys – into a dramatic front spoiler. Three large air intakes are incorporated into the front splitter, while above them, the surrounds for the mean xenon headlamps point downwards to enhance the sense of visual menace.

The long bonnet rises up to meet a steeply raked windscreen, while the huge doors incorporate a further air intake, positioned ahead of the rear wheels. Behind the cockpit, the rear deck hides a slick soft-top mechanism. Whether this will make way for a folding hard-top on the production car – due here next year – has yet to be decided.

But what is clear is that the *LF-A Roadster* is at its most dramatic at the rear – and it's easy to spot the influence of the coupe. It's not only the triple exhaust pipes, with their triangular formation, that look gorgeous. There's also the wraparound, arrowhead-shaped tail-lamps, which surround another pair of grilles. These vent the hot air from the rear-mounted radiators into the Roadster's aerodynamic wake.

And there's plenty

of heat coming out of them, too, as they have an enormous V10 engine to cool. The powerplant is actually mounted away from the rads, ahead of the passenger compartment. But in a stroke of genius, Lexus engineers have ensured it's positioned behind the front axle. They call this a front-mid configuration, and it promises plenty of benefits in terms of weight distribution… and thus handling.

What hits you first about the 5.0-litre unit, though, is the noise it makes – particularly with the roof down. It barks into life with the kind of mechanical howl only a Porsche 911's six-cylinder could match. At low revs, there's a certain refinement to its rumble, although you're never left in any doubt about the V10's potential. Especially when you consider it redlines at a ridiculous 9,000rpm.

Those kind of figures simply beg to be put to the test, and the screaming engine note is similar to that made by a Formula One car. The performance isn't quite on a par, although it is breathtaking nonetheless. The *Roadster* is capable of sprinting from 0-60mph in only 3.5 seconds, on its way to a promised top speed of around 200mph. That's even with the roof down.

"It barks into life with the kind of mechanical howl only a Porsche 911's six-cylinder could match"

Its stopping power is just as impressive, thanks to huge 14.2-inch cross-drilled, vented brakes discs up front and 13.6-inch discs at the rear. What is sure to worry the likes of Porsche, though, is the dynamic package. The carbon and aluminium construction already translate into incredible body stiffness in the *coupe*, which goes on sale later this year. But engineers have used various techniques to strengthen it even further, thus eliminating scuttle shake and serving up incredible rigidity through corners.

Even more impressive is the extent to which Lexus has gone to ensure a thrilling driving experience. As with the *LF-A coupe*, the *Roadster* has been pounding the hallowed tarmac of the Nurburgring in Germany as test drivers attempt to get the package just right. The brand associated with luxury and refinement is ready to step into the cut-throat world of ultra-high-performance cars, and it will be more than ready; not only do the enormous tyres promise masses of grip – enhanced by that sexy speed-activated pop-up spoiler – but the steering balance and cornering agility will push the boundaries not only for Lexus, but for the class as a whole.

So the traditional brands that have dominated the supercar class for years are under threat. The beasts from the east, in the shape of the *LF-A Roadster* and *coupe*, as well as the *Nissan GT-R*, are threatening the world order. Germany, Italy and now Japan lead the way. If Winston Churchill was still alive, he'd be sitting in the back of his blacked out Daimler, choking on his cigar. ♣

LEXUS LF-A ROADSTER

Engine: 5.0-litre V10, 510bhp • 0-60mph: 3.5 seconds (est)
Top speed: 200mph (est) • On sale: 2009 • Price: £70,000 (est) Contact: 0845 278 8888, www.lexus.co.uk

HONEY MOONS!

But there's no sting in this sweet tail!

PHOTOS: EXPOSUREZONE

Honey's a self-confessed flasher, and if you had an arse as cute as this, you'd be whopping it out every chance you got, too!

"Well, it's a laugh, innit! You can't go through life without being naughty every now and again and pulling a moonie can bring a smile to anyone's face – see, I'm showing you my bum right now and you're all grinning your heads off!"

True, we are all grinning our heads off – but that's got more to do with the fact that your arse is lush and we can see your pink beneath it!

"Well, if you're going to pull a moonie and your pussy is as sweet as mine, you've got to let 'em have a little flash of the good stuff, too!"

We don't think anyone will argue with that one but, just in case, if anyone can give us a good enough reason why Honey shouldn't give us all a flash of her honey pot at the same time as a cheeky moonie, we'll come round your house and flash at you with our own hairy arse globes. Now go on, push off! ♣

THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

Here, have yuo heard the one about the... oh, you have. How about the one in which a... oh, well sod you! Here are more lame jokes, although two of them made us laugh!

Send us your favourite filthy jokes and we could reward you with a crisp £50 note so that you can go down the pub and have a drink with your mates while you tell it! Send your joke to the usual address or mail them to *clubint@paulraymond.com*

SLAG TO AISLE NINE

A very loud, very unattractive, mean-acting woman walked into Asda with her two kids, yelling obscenities at them at the top of her voice.

The Asda Greeter said, pleasantly, "Good morning and welcome to Asda. Nice children you have there. Are they twins?"

The ugly woman stopped yelling long enough to say, "No they fuckin' ain't. The older one's eight and the other's seven. Why the hell would you fink they're twins? Are you blind, or just fuckin' stupid?"

"I'm neither blind nor stupid, Madam," replied the greeter, a fixed smile on his face. "I just couldn't believe you've had sex twice... Have a good day and thank you for shopping at Asda."

Mick, Chester

"Mr Tisson, you thought you came here for a routine operation....."

JOLLY MIXTURE

A jelly baby goes to the doctors. "Doctor, I think I've got an STD."

"You can't have an STD," says the doc, "you're a jelly baby!"

"But doc, I've been sleeping with allsorts!"

S. Anderson, Derby

COCONUT MAC-OW!-ROON

An elderly man lay dying in his bed. As he looked back on his life and prepared to meet his maker he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite biscuits wafting up the stairs. He gathered his remaining strength, and lifted himself from the bed. Then, leaning on the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom and crawled downstairs. Out of breath, he still managed to pull himself up against the door frame, where he stood gazing into the kitchen.

Were it not for the intense pain he felt from all his exertions, he would have been convinced he'd arrived in heaven, for there, spread out upon waxed paper on the kitchen table, were literally hundreds of his favourite biscuits, freshly baked. If it wasn't heaven, then it was surely a final act of love and kindness from his devoted wife of sixty years, ensuring that he left this world a happy man.

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees in crumpled posture. His aged and withered hand trembled towards a biscuit closest to the edge of the table, when suddenly his wife fetched him a brutal smack on his withered wrist with a large metal spatula.

"Fuck off," she said. "They're for the funeral."

Dominic, Port Talbot

TUNNEL OF HATE

There was a Scotsman, an Englishman and Claudia Schiffer, sitting together in the carriage of a train, destined for Glamorgan. Suddenly, the train blundered through a tunnel and, as it was an old style train, there were no lights in the carriages, leaving our passengers totally in the dark. Then there was this kissing noise and the sound of a really loud slap.

When the train came out of the tunnel, Claudia Schiffer and the Scotsman were sitting as if nothing had happened and the Englishman had his hand up against his face as if he had just been slapped.

The Englishman was thinking: "The Scottish guy must have kissed Claudia Schiffer and she missed his cheek and slapped me instead."

Claudia Schiffer was thinking: "The English guy must have tried to kiss me and actually kissed the Scotsman and got slapped for it."

And the Scotsman was thinking: "This is great! The next time the train goes through a tunnel, I'll make that kissing noise on the back of ma hand and slap that English bastard again."

Ricky, Edinburgh

PRIZE JOKE!

DICK INSECT

A family are driving behind a garbage truck when a dildo flies out and thuds against the windscreen.

Embarrassed, and to spare her young sons' innocence, the mother turns around and says, "Don't worry. That was only an insect."

To which one of the boys replies, "I'm surprised it could get off the ground with a cock like that."

Lewis, Exeter

PHOTOS: 21ST SEXTURY

I know, sex on a pool table is such a cliché, but have you ever tried it? It's great! They're just the right height and size for having dirty sex on and there's all these cues and balls around you to bring into play as well…

Having a sexy guy rubbing the thick end of his cue up against my pussy as I'm trying to take a shot usually ends up with me on my hands and knees on the table challenging him to screw me into the top pocket!

They're also really good for orgies – I went to one party and there were two girls up on this red baize table in the 69 position, and everyone was invited to have a feel of them. Okay, so maybe the table wasn't the sexy bit, the two hot babes with juicy pussies eating each other out were… but maybe you had to be there! ♣

Stella

...where to stick it!

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PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

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Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

Brought to you by Club's drug-addled music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

R.E.M.
Accelerate (Warners)
The last few R.E.M. albums have, quite frankly, been a sweating ballbag of wank, but Micky Stipe and Co are back to impress the ladies with their 14th studio number. Out with the fey love ballads and in with the rockin' guitars. Stipey still looks a bit creepy, but anthems such as Living Well Is The Best Revenge and I'm Gonna DJ will always have groupies queuing up round the block to finger his botty. A welcome return.

FOALS
Antidotes (Trangressive)
Techno indie funk punk a go go – welcome to one of this year's best new bands. Like a fast car, private jet, or a shit load of cash, *Antidotes* will increase your chances of getting laid – especially when loitering around students unions. Grab yourself a copy, forge yourself an NUS card and root around inside as many of those pot noodle lovin' ladies as you can. Splendid.

THE KOOKS
Konk (Virgin)
Not exactly the hardest band in the world (bunch of stage school fops who could all do with a good slap) but still, you don't have to be a handy lad if you've boned Fearne Cotton and you've got half the nation's female chavs desperate to suck your dick. Album number two from the Brighton softies and it's the same story as last time – if you like poncey indie pop then Bob's yer uncle, if not then stay well clear. Well worth seeing them live though – hot, shaven, under 25 minge everywhere.

PORTISHEAD
Third (Island)
Fuck knows what happened here – a band does bugger all for 10 years then suddenly decides to release an album and headline the ATP festival. You'll remember Portishead for winning the Mercury Music Prize in 1995 with their debut LP Dummy and becoming kings of the trip hop genre. Back then it was all well and good, but now? Should have recorded an album of dub step.

SASCHA FUNKE
Mango (BPitch Control)
Here's a nice bag of deep German minimal techno that should be well received by any self-respecting social drug user. Get home from the club, play this via your Apple Notebook, and snuggle down with that 18-year-old that you managed to entice back to your flat with the mention of James Righton's pants. Get some pictures of her, then get them up on Facebook for all the world to see. Bloody marvellous.

SHIT ON THE BASTARDS BELOW...

Club chats to Pigeon Detectives vocalist and Leeds Utd fan Matt Bowman...

What's your biggest ever cock up?
I went to Teesside University and spunked my student loan on a motorbike, some new clothes and loads of parties. Two months later, I had to leave because I couldn't pay my rent. I didn't have a degree but at least I had a motorbike. I ended up being so skint that I had to flog the bike and get a job on a golf course.

Has anyone ever twatted you?
Well, I can be a bit gobby but I don't really have the credentials to back it up. I've had the odd slap. The bouncers in Leeds don't take too kindly to me – I find myself getting thrown out of all our favourite venues on a regular basis, but then they're fine with me the following week so I think they just like the buzz of dragging me out by my long curly hair.

What's your biggest ever injury?
I was climbing a tree when I was about seven and I put loads of six inch nails in the tree to act as ladders. When I got to the top I fell down and kind of hugged the tree trunk to stop myself from falling and slid down it. The nails nearly cut my arm off – it was disgusting.

Have you ever had a milk round?
Yeah, and a paper round. But I never shagged any house wives or anything like that – I was only fourteen at the time and it just never happened.

Have you had any bother with the Feds?
I once found a mobile phone in the snow when I was about fifteen and me and my mate rang loads of premium rate lines that we probably shouldn't have done. He then rang his Mam to tell her he was gonna be late home for his tea and he rang her on the landline. So when the bloke whose phone it was got his bill for £200, he rang the landline and spoke to my mate's Mum and we ended up getting a right bollocking. We ended up having to pay the bill ourselves – it was a dear do. Still, boys will be boys.

They certainly will. Where is the one place that you've been that you loved to bits?
Tokyo, Japan – it's impressive. We spent three nights there and it's like nowhere else in the world. You always feel like a minority and everyone on the streets is completely different to you. It's not like Manchester or Leeds or Sheffield and you can't get any pies – they eat a lot of raw fish over there. Massive culture shock, lots of bright lights – *Club International* readers would love it.

Did you pull any young birds with really hairy fannys like in the Japanese porn films that I've got on my laptop? Or did you sniff any used knickers from the vending machines?
No, I've got a girlfriend and so have the other lads in the band so there were none of those shenanigans.

So if a twenty-one-year-old bird came up to you with two fingers jammed up her pussy saying that she wanted you to bone her backside as hard as possible, what would you say to her?
I'd say she's got more chance of getting on the Titanic. We leave all that to all the proper rock'n'roll bands like Kings Of Leon and Oasis.

Where's the most unique place you've ever had sex?
Sorry mate, can't answer those sorts of questions in case it ends up in *The Sun*. Anyway, I've got to go...

Catch The Pigeon Detectives on tour throughout May!

APRIL 2008 GIG GUIDE

Go to a gig, listen to some nice music, then go home again. Oh, hang on...

SUPERGRASS
Brum Academy (11th)
Northumbria Uni (13th)
Nottingham Rock City (15th)
Leeds Met Uni (16th)
Lincoln Engine Shed (17th)
Manchester Uni (18th)
Bristol Academy (20th)
Norwich UEA (21st)
London Astoria (22nd)

ELBOW
Newcastle Academy (5th)
Leeds Uni (6th)
Oxford Academy (8th)
Bristol Colston Hall (9th)
Brum Academy (10th)
Sheffield Octagon (12th)
Manchester Uni (13th)
Nottingham Rock City (14th)
Brixton Academy (15th)

WE ARE SCIENTISTS
Glasgow Barrowlands (12th)
Aberdeen Music Hall (13th)
Northumbria Uni (14th)
Manchester Uni (15th)
Sheffield Uni (17th)
Brum Academy (18th)
Norwich UEA (20th)
Southampton Guildhall (22nd)
Shepherds Bush Empire (24th & 25th)

JAMES
Derby Assembly Hall (10th)
Lincoln Engine Shed (11th)
Liverpool Uni (12th)
Newcastle Academy (14th)
Sheffield Academy (15th)
Shepherds Bush Empire (17th)
Norwich UEA (18th)
Oxford New Theatre (19th)
Bristol Colston Hall (21st)
Blackpool Empress Ballroom (22nd)
Edinburgh Corn Exchange (24th)
Aberdeen Exhibit. Centre (25th)

PORTISHEAD
Manchester Apollo (9th)
Hammersmith Apollo (10th)
Wolverhampton Civic Hall (13th)
Brixton Academy (17th)

WHAT'S ON THE CLUB JUKE BOX?

Wanna download a few songs and give them a listen – just to get a flavour of working in Club's offices (but without all the naked birds)? Then try these...

THE TING TINGS
Great DJ
Indie disco dance floor super stomper – play this at a party and watch your dick get sucked.

ONE NIGHT ONLY
Just For Tonight
Best tune from up and coming Yorkshire band – indie chicks will love you for this.

ON THE GAME

THE CLUB (Sega)

Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★★

No, it's not a videogame version of the greatest sex mag in the world, *The Club* is in fact a third-person shooter with a number of tasty twists.

You are a member of a blood-thirsty fight club that likes to gather in abandoned locations around the world to blast the shit out of each other. It's not too hot visually, it's not the full-on, all out assault of *Halo* or *Call Of Duty*, but it's all the better for it. What you're aiming to do is rack up a bastard high score as in the days of old when we all went to the arcades to get our video violence kicks. There's no point hiding and waiting, you've got to keep moving to keep up those multiples, making kills and making stylish ones for maximum points – remember, your score goes up online and you don't want to be the loser in last place! A sweet, refreshing breath of air in a clogged, acrid market that gets points for having the best voiced quote in a game in years: "Penetrator!" Look out for it!

DEVIL MAY CRY 4

(Capcom)

PS3, Xbox 360

★★★★

The original *Devil May Cry* was a beauty of a game, mainly because the main character, Dante, looked so stylish as he dispatched wave after wave of nasty, demonic, oiks with his groovy armoury it was worth finishing. And now we arrive at *Devil May Cry 4* on the next-gen beasts, and things look even more gorgeous.

DMC4 is essentially a hack and slasher – nerdy game cocks will argue about that till they're sick in the bin but we don't care because we'll be out having fun while they're at home shouting at the empty space we were standing in hours earlier.

Fuck knows why though, because hack and slashers of this pedigree are up there with the best in gaming – you can tell when you've got a good one in your hands when three hours after switching it on you still haven't noticed that your finger tips are bleeding and all the skin's come off!

SAMURAI WARRIORS KATANA

(Koei)

Nintendo Wii

★★★

It can't compete with the likes of the PS3 and the 360 for graphical beauty, but what the Wii lacks in processing power, it more than makes up for in gameplay. *Samurai Warriors Katana* is Dynasty Warriors dressed up in another name and given a first person perspective, which on any other console would be disastrous but with the Wii it means you actually get to hack and slash at the waves of slow-witted swordsmen sent to kill you.

Yet there's something a little bit disappointing about it all. For starters, you are required to spend a lot of battle time button bashing – which destroys all the anticipation that's been built up, and second, instead of actually hacking and slashing, the actions required to kill have more in common with hitting a dog with a rolled up newspaper than swinging a katana around your head...

TALKIN' BLUE

Got a horny experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

TRANS EUROPE SEXPRESS

A few years ago, I was travelling around Europe with my girlfriend, Janey. We were quite skint – we had just finished college – so we had bought a cheap monthly train ticket each so we could get trains around France, Germany and Spain.

We were about three weeks into our trip and we'd had a great time – seen all the sites etc, but we were pretty knackered from sleeping in train waiting rooms, or upright in train seats. We were in need of some decent rest.

We turned up at the Gare Du Nord in Paris – we were booked on a sleeper train to Barcelona. As we approached the train, we saw a sign

"She went straight down and began to caress my cock with her tongue..."

offering upgrades to a private sleeping cabin for just ten euros. We counted our money and decided to go for it. Sleeping in a (nearly) real bed! So we paid the guard before we got on and climbed on board, excitedly.

We flopped down into the comfy seats – exhausted but happy to have some padding. Slowly, it occurred to me that we not only had comfort, we also had privacy. For the first time in weeks! I looked at Janey and it was obvious that she was thinking exactly the same thing, as a sly smile began to play across her lips. I swept up, slid the bolt on the door shut, knelt down so my face was next to hers, and began to kiss her passionately. We had not fucked in weeks,

and my cock was bone hard in seconds. In no time, I had her top off and was lapping at her jutting pink nipples, pulling down her small denim shorts as she wrestled off my trousers. With obvious delight, she went straight down and began to caress my cock with her tongue and lips, teasing the end before taking me fully into her mouth. Her brown-haired head jogged up and down as I lay back and savoured an incredible, sloppy blow-job.

I wanted to get inside her without delay, so I moved her onto her back on the seat, kneeling above her, taking in the beautiful sight of her spread-eagled on the couchette, pert 36c boobs jiggling and her spread hole open and waiting. My prick was nestling around her snatch when, all of a sudden, the train lurched forward, driving my cock deep inside. Janey bucked and moaned as her hot cunt groped and pulled at my cock. The train picked up speed as it pulled out of the station, and our fucking fell into step with the easy rhythm of the engine, dipping my cock smoothly in and out of her wet cunt. I pulled her legs up to my shoulders and started to hammer into her, her moans and whimpers coming quick and fast as I thrust away.

Janey reached up and pushed me back into the opposite chair, then turned round, presenting me with her beautiful, tanned (thanks to a nudist beach in Germany the week before!) arse. Reaching round, she took my meat in her hand, then aimed it upwards as she lowered herself down, enveloping me with her pussy. Her sculpted thighs were strong from all the hill walking we had done, and she slowly moved up and down on my cock. The movement of the train allied to her cunt muscles tightening around me was blissful, and I was close to coming. As if sensing this, Janey got up, turned round and took me in her mouth once more, sucking slowly while wanking my

"I lay back and savoured an incredible, sloppy blow-job"

solid shaft quickly up and down, speeding up as she felt me getting closer and closer. Finally, she took her mouth away from my meat and the jizz arced through the air, spreading itself all over her gorgeous titties and up around her neck – a perfect pearl necklace.

For the rest of the journey we got filthier and had more sexy fun than I had ever had at that point in my life. And when we finally reached our destination, I was even more exhausted than before – but was more than worth it!

Jez, Hampton Wick

CHECKIN' HER OUT!

I met Nicola through my job – I work in the warehouse of a big store and Nicola is one of the checkout girls. When I first saw her, I was interested immediately, because she is exactly the sort of girl I can't resist; slutty looking and a bit chavvy, with too tight clothes, loads of make-up and bleached-blonde, straightened hair. I had been chatting her up for weeks, and finally she agreed to come out on a date with me that Saturday night. I decided to take her to a new trendy gastropub that had opened in town.

Come the evening, we were getting on like a house on fire – the wine was flowing and the conversation was getting pretty saucy at times. I was pretty certain that my luck was going to be in!

After a while, she excused herself to answer the call of nature. The toilets in the pub were upstairs, and accessed via a spiral staircase, which was above our table. As she made her way up, I couldn't resist sneaking a peek up her skirt. To my extreme delight, I saw she wasn't wearing any knickers under her short, white minidress, and I got a brief and exciting glimpse of her trimmed minge as she strode upstairs. As she reached the top, she looked down and caught me bang to rights, knowing exactly what I had seen, and gave me a sexy grin.

As soon as she sat down, upon her return, I felt a foot running up my leg and onto my inner thigh. The talk got sexier as her foot got closer to my groin. I reached down and began to caress her knee under the table, slowly moving further up until my fingers reached under

the flimsy cotton of her dress. By this time, her foot was rubbing up and down my hardened cock, so I pushed further up until I reached her fanny, caressing her mound, then teasing her lips open to discover a hot and wet gash just begging to be fingered.

By this point we were getting a few funny looks from fellow diners, so we paid the bill and got out of there pronto. As luck would have it, Nicola lived close by, so we rushed to her house.

We went through the door, and after checking that her flatmates weren't in, she ushered me into the living room. I already knew her minge was sopping wet, so I wasted no time. Lifting her dress over her hips, I bent her over the back of the sofa and drove my cock inside her. She obviously liked it hard and dirty, because the harder I pounded, the louder she moaned, as I reached around and freed her surprisingly large breasts from her dress and groped them hungrily.

I pulled out and she pulled her dress off, leaving me to savour her fit body and neatly trimmed pubic mound. She grabbed me and pulled me down on top of her on the floor, her legs spread, my cock finding her pussy straight away and going deep inside again. As I built up speed, she reached down and began to frig her engorged clit, moaning and twitching more frantically as she started to get off. Within a few minutes, she began to shudder and whine, and I could feel her pussy walls contracting as she came.

"I pulled out and she pulled her dress off, leaving me to savour her fit body..."

I didn't want to waste my sperm, so I pulled out and straddled her chest, her fingers still touching herself frantically. I pulled at my cock lustily, before launching a jet of hot white sperm all over her pretty face.

Spent, I sank down on top of her and we lay, panting for a few minutes, satisfied and exhausted. I had got just what I wanted – a dirty fuck buddy who lived up to every fantasy I had had about her!

Billy V, Preston ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Forget that lisping cock off the telly, if you want to know what's really worth watching, look no further...

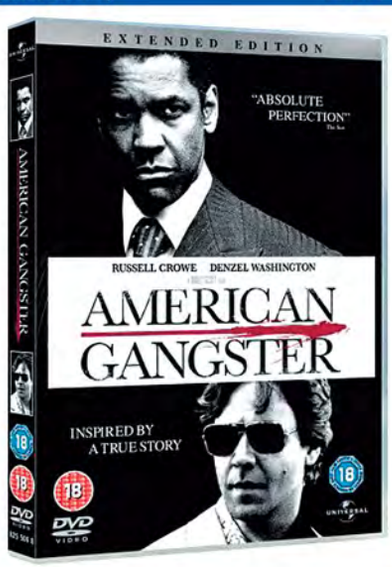
RATINGS: ★ THEY GET PAID FOR THIS? ★★ NOT EVEN FOR GIRLS ★★★ WATCHABLE ★★★★ BUY ME! ★★★★★ FUCK ME!

Black Sheep (Icon Home Entertainment) DVD

New Zealand have come up with some top flicks over the years, but surely none as loopy or as fun as this! With typical NZ sensibilities it's set on a sheep farm, where everything starts going wrong thanks to some genetic manipulation and a couple of bungling eco-warriors. With the sheep turning into flesh-eating killers, its up to sheep-ophobe Nathan Meister, hippy chick Danielle Mason and farmhand Tammy Davies to save the day, while (ahem) sheep-loving farm owner Peter Feeney unleashes the beast within... Cracking stuff! ★★★★

American Gangster (Universal Pictures) DVD

Martin Scorsese must have had something else on the boil, because this lengthy look at Yanksterism is directed by Brit Ridley Scott, and a pretty good job he does of it, too. Set from the late 60s onwards, Denzil Washington is cast somewhat against type as (real life) baddie Frank Lucas, who steps into his late boss's shoes by becoming main man in a gang importing heroin from Vietnam. Against him is pitted Russell Crowe's cop Richie Roberts, who has to battle against a pretty hectic home life as well as Lucas and his cronies. It's a long, involved and great-looking film, with a good soundtrack. Not quite *Superfly*, mind... ★★★★



Stanley Kubrick Collection (Warner Home Video) DVD

Well, if he hadn't karked it, Stanley Kubrick would have been 80 this year, which is as good a reason as any to give some of his remarkable films the remastered special edition Blu-Ray/HD DVD/DVD treatment. Pick of the bunch is probably the peerless *2001 A Space Odyssey*, which should look stunning on one of the hi-def platforms, and still pretty smart on a good old DVD player. There are loads of extras here, too, making it a real treat for cinephiles. Other titles hitting the shelves are *A Clockwork Orange, The Shining, Full Metal Jacket* and *Eyes Wide Shut*. No *Barry Lyndon*, sadly, but perhaps it'll come... ★★★★★

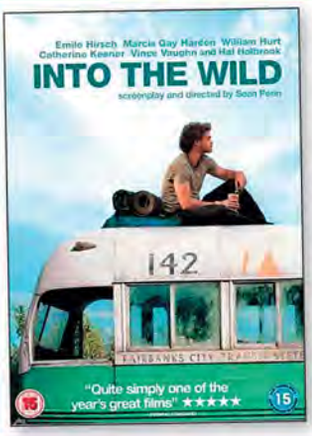
Beowulf (Warner Home Video) DVD

"'ere, I fink it's time to sort aht that slag Grendel!" OK, so Ray Winstone's Nordic hero isn't quite the cockney kingpin he could have been, but the casting and vocalisation still seem a bit odd – especially as the motion capture animators have made him look more like Sean Bean anyway. Dropped aitches aside, this sword and sorcery flick from Robert Zemeckis is very watchable, and has a pretty good cast to keep you on your toes – especially Angelina Jolie, who certainly looks legendary enough as she emerges from her lake. A fun evening in – and a lot less effort than reading the book! ★★★

Loose Change (Revolver Entertainment) DVD

No major event in American history would be complete without its own conspiracy theory, so it was hardly surprising that, within days of the 7/11 attacks, voices were heard questioning the official line on what had happened. Initially intending to produce a work of pure fiction, director Dylan Avery's investigations into the day's events unearthed a few anomalies that convinced him his proposition that the US government was behind it all wasn't quite as fictitious as he'd thought. Initial loony ideas like the planes being flown by remote have been dropped for this 'Final Cut', but it all still seems a bit far fetched and silly. ★★

Into The Wild (Paramount Home Entertainment) DVD


Emile Hirsch Marcia Gay Harden William Hurt
Catherine Keener Vince Vaughn and Hal Holbrook
INTO THE WILD
screenplay and directed by Sean Penn
142
"Quite simply one of the year's great films" ★★★★★
15
15

There have probably been times when everyone's felt like chucking it all in and hitting the road, but Christopher McCandless wasn't the sort to do things by half. Back in the early 90s he gave away (or burnt!) all his lolly and set off in the search for ultimate freedom. After a few years of bumming around America he ended up in Alaska, where things really started to unravel – so remember, if you're going tramping, make sure it's when the weather's alright. This film, directed by Sean Penn, is an arresting and haunting adaptation of the book of the same name, and a fitting testament to McCandless's ill-fated free spirit. ★★★★

The Wire Season 4 (HBO) DVD

Have you noticed how everyone's just started wazzing on about how great *The Wire* is, even though it's been around for ages? Christ, if the fourth season's hitting the street you really should be looking somewhere else for your hot new picks. Still, there's no denying this is a top quality show, and assuming you've already clocked the first three seasons, there's no reason at all why you shouldn't be picking this one up. If, on the other hand, you've just got back from an interstellar journey and haven't heard about the programme, you might as well start at the beginning... ★★★★

Tipple X

Each issue, purely in the interests of investigative journalism, Club's dedicated team will be tracking down and taste testing some premium booze just so we can give you the lowdown. This month, something with genuine street credentials...

Buckfast Tonic Wine

What...

A medicated wine based on an age-old recipe, supposedly brought to this country by some French Monks who settled here in the 1880s. Now produced exclusively by Benedictine Monks at Devon's picturesque Buckfast Abbey, its blend of French mistellas (base wines) and tonic-y ingredients has proven a hit all over the country.

Why...

Well, at 15% it's pretty strong stuff, and, combined with its easy on the palette taste, it's rather easy to drink if your in a hurry. Nobody really buys the health benefits any more, though. Trust those Benedictine Friars to come up with a proto-alcopop, all those years before anyone else thought of it!

Where...

For a drink with this sort of heritage and appeal, there are so many places you could drink it this one is hard to answer. Obviously alongside your hooded brothers as you sit down in the refectory, but also on the bench outside your local mini-supermarket. Geographically, Scotland and Northern Ireland are probably the best places to head if you want to drink it in company. Best NOT drink it online, in any sort of "See how fast I can neck a bottle of Buckie!" competition, though.

When...

Certainly not before vespers, or you'll never get the liturgy right. And if you've overindulged the night before, you probably won't be up to drinking any more until at least mid-afternoon.

How...

Certainly at a rate of less than one bottle per minute.

Who...

Street youths, alcoholics and *Club International* writers with a column to get done.

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Sam Petite 5' 2" 30DD new to this but keen to meet up for fun & maybe more. **MAILBOX: 09097 967081**

Jessica: 18 Student looking for rich older guy to help me though Uni. All offers considered! I'm not shy!
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PEACHES

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BLOCK OF FLAPS

Last year, I got a job working in an office in Leeds. The job itself was nothing special but the building had ten floors packed with gorgeous young women – it certainly made the day pass quicker!

My mate, Paul, knew a couple of the girls on the eighth floor and commented that one of them, Tracy, had seen me having a crafty cigarette outside during office hours. Keen to introduce me to her, he showed me a photo of her on his mobile. Pleased with what I saw, I asked him to tell her to meet me in a pub after work.

I was on my third pint when Tracy strolled through the doors. She scanned the room for a while before clocking me sitting near the pool table. As she calmly walked over, a bunch of lads gave her wolf whistles, which she acknowledged with a wink and a smile. Well, she was wearing a white miniskirt and tight black vest – perfect for showing off her bouncing tits!

"Not late, am I?" she said.

"Bang on time," I lied, and went to the bar to get her a large G and T.

We talked for about an hour about work, office gossip and Paul. It turned out that Tracy had gone out with another of Paul's mates but he'd dumped her because he got too jealous every time another bloke showed any interest in her.

"I bet you're used to male attention," I said.

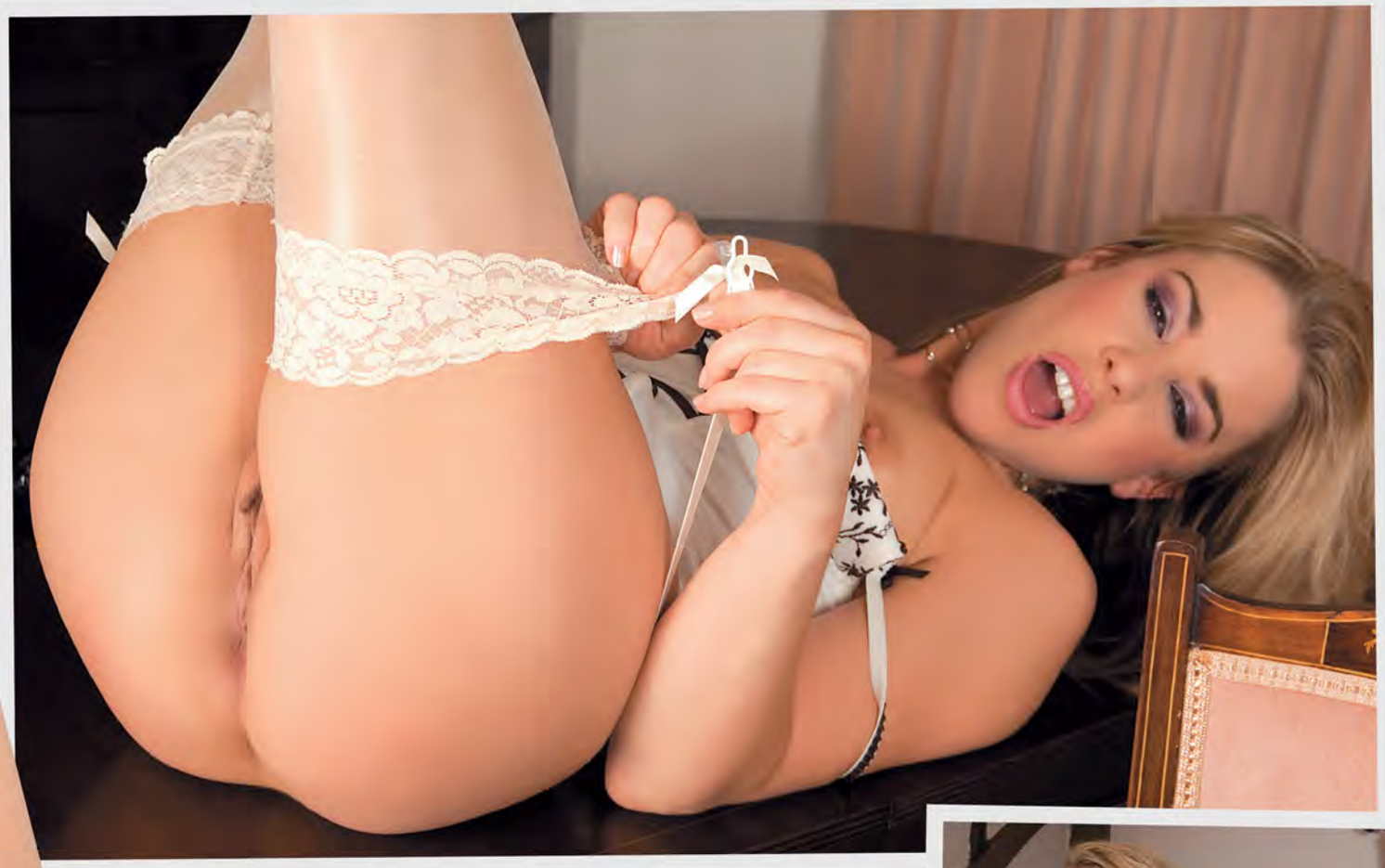
Tracy downed her gin and shrugged. "I don't really notice it normally."

I thought she was just being naïve, but before I could question her further, she had leaned forward so her cleavage was resting on my chest.

"So… your place or mine?

Since I lived half an hour away, I told her to call a taxi back to hers. Walking past another barrage of wolf whistles, we were soon outside on cobbled streets, Tracy tottering along precariously in high heels. Just before we got to where we were meeting the taxi, she made a grab for my crotch, "Hmm," she whispered, "I'll be looking forward to that later…"

In no time at all, we were snogging frantically on the back seat. I had a stiffy of gargantuan proportions by the time we reached her flat, which Tracy noticed gleefully. Before I knew it, we were kissing on her sofa, our



hands groping each other like school kids. Tracy then lowered my trousers and took my boxer shorts off, exposing my rock hard cock. Breathing heavily, she took it in her mouth and gobbled greedily on my thick shaft.

Whilst she was giving me expert head, I decided to do a little exploring. She was still wearing all her clothes – something I knew wouldn't last for long. As she fucked my cock with her mouth, I played my fingers along the inside of her thighs. Because I was still lying on my back, my hands were restricted to feeling up Tracy's arse, which was raised high in the air, ready to be furtively fondled.

Very cautiously, I traced an index finger from her thighs to the brow of her bum. Tracy's breathing became even more erratic, goading me on to finger her arse. One finger seemed to do the trick and it slid into her crack easier than I imagined. I poked her ring a few times with my solid digit before bravely following that up with a second. Soon, I was fucking Tracy's arse with two fingers and she was loving it!

Pulling her mouth away from my cock, Tracy panted, "Flip me over and do me up the bum!"

Wasting no more time, I did just that, then hitched up her miniskirt. He brown hole looked relaxed and ready. Using her pussy juices, I lubed up her arse with a finger, causing Tracy to squeal with pleasure. When I knew my cock would be accommodated by her rectum, I edged closer. My bell-end nudged her arse cheeks and Tracy reached around and guided my knob into her back passage. From then on, it was up to me to oversee proceedings. Ever so slowly, my cock eased its way between her bum crack towards the dark recesses of her hot anal passage.

After a couple of attempts, my swollen cock was engulfed by her tight hole. Tracy balanced herself on all fours then pushed back to meet my thrusts.

"You like fucking my arse?" she whispered.

Her dirty talking was too much, and a few minutes later my balls were aching and I knew I was about to spill my load. Tracy could sense it too, and her thrusts became more urgent.

"Go on, fill my bum with your spunk!"

As I came, Tracy yelped and my salty juice flooded her crack. I kept on fucking her arse until my balls could unload no more. With a dirty smirk, Tracy then withdrew my cock and squeezed her bum cheeks tightly together, forcing some of my spunk onto her fingers.

We spent the rest of the evening lounging about on the sofa and talking about what we could get up to at the weekend. When I suggested an all night party at a mate's house, Tracy raised an innocent eyebrow.

"What do you take me for?" she said. "I'm a shy girl, you know!"

JV, Ilkley ♣

"Tracy's breathing became more erratic, goading me to finger her arse..."

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BORED AT HOME

AVAILABLE NOW FOR

filthy FUCKING

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BLACK BOOTY

HARDCORE EBONY RELIEF!

NEW 36p per minute

0982 506 0470

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Lady BOY

EXPERT WANKER!

CARESSES UR THROBBING COCK!

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DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

SEEKING NO-STRINGS FUCK SESSION!

36p per minute

I'M HOME ALONE & FEELING EXTREMELY HORNY

0982 506 0343

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BLONDE SLUT

WANTS YOUR COCK IN HER

A**E

STRETCH ME FUCK ME CUM IN ME!

"TINKER WITH MY SPHINCTER"

0909 944 0778

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FILTHY LIVE CUNT! FUCKING

LADY BOYS	0909 944 0768
POSH TOTTY	0909 944 0814
WET 'N' WILD	0909 944 0779
ADULT BABIES	0909 944 0822
GRANNY SLUTS	0909 944 0847
KNICKERS	0909 944 0832
HOUSEWIVES	0909 944 0755
JUST LEGAL 18+	0909 945 6092
FETISH BITCH	0909 945 6056

DOMINATION 0909 944 0837

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18+ TEEN SLUT

PUMP MY PUSSY FULL OF YOUR HOT CUM

FUCK ME HARD & DEEP IN MY HOT TIGHT PINK CUNT!

36p per minute

0982 506 1215

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FILTHY GRANNY

NEEDS YOUR FACE RIGHT UP INSIDE HER CUNT

0909 945 6001

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SLOPPY BLOW JOB

CUM GUZZLIN' SLUT SWALLOWS YOUR STICKY CUM

0909 941 1481

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ASIAN CUTIE

MUNCH HER SHAVEN CUNT!

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FUCK MY BIG TITS

only 36p per minute

0982 506 0149

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Knicker Lovers

SNIFF MY DAMP PATCH

0908 140 9934

Only 46p per Minute

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DIRTY DOM EVIL

CUMS IN MANY FORMS!

SICK! BITCH

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Upper Class SLUT

POSH XXX FILTH

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Just Legal 18+

Fuck My Tits

Spunk in my face

Young & Hungry For Cum!

LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE

Fuck my tight Pussy!

LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE

36p per MINUTE

0982 506 0116

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FILTHY LIVE 121 SEX

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE PLUS 'ACCESS CHARGE'

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ASIAN BABES	0982 506 1459
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PURE FILTH	0982 506 1586

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THAI LADY BOY

SORDID SLUT DESPERATE FOR COCK!

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DIRTY LIVE SEX

FILTHY GRANNY

ONLY 36p per minute

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SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Innocent or guilty? Who cares? All we know is these girls want a stiff sentence and some penal reform...

STAR RATINGS: ★ FLOPPY ★★ FLACCID ★★★ FIRM ★★★★ FULL ON ★★★★★ FUCK ME!

Jana Cova Video Nasty (Digital Playground)

With none of the low production values, gore and general nastiness of those video nasties that got our leaders in such a tizzy back in the 80s, there's still plenty here to get your average moral guardian hot under the collar. Jana Cova's a Club favourite of long-standing, and while she confines herself to lesbiage, some of her chums aren't quite so cock-shy! Jana's opener with big hitter Shay Jordan gets us off to a steady start – even if their double dildo is far too floppy! – before we get our first proper shagging (with some back-door action) with Heather Gables. With six scenes in total, there should be something to keep all but the raincoaters happy. ★★★★

110% Natural 14 (Red Light District)

Thankfully it's the norks they're talking about in the title, rather than the acts, which are just as perverted as you'd expect from a RLD flick! First up comely ginger covergirl Nikki oils up her boobs for a nice tease before her cock-du-jour arrives and slots home. There's some good, frantic humping here before he adds his own juice to her knockers, but thereafter it's a bit of a mixed bag. That said, while Honey Dejour might not be to everyone's taste, she does have some nice boobs and a hairy fanny – and she know how to handle a couple of cocks. More big tits and hairy cunts follow, making this a mix of old and new school values. Definitely tugworthy, mind. ★★★

Party Babes (Private)

Hmm, what's this, then – a load of cock hungry flampers going out, getting bevvied up and then hitching a ride home? Erm, no, not at all. We're not sure where the party bit comes in at all, really, because what we have here is a series of nicely shot stand alone scenes, featuring some very tasty girls getting seen to. Alright, so a little way in there's a bit of how's your father in the back of a limo, and one scene in a disco, but partying isn't really what this flick is all about. Still, a very eye-pleasing cast that includes the likes of Lucy Belle and Suzy Diamond is not to be sniffed at, and while there's very little anal on show (especially for Private), it's a very polished offering. ★★★★

DONNA SUMMER!

Talk about a little ray of sunshine

PHOTOS: JACK HARRISON

Summer can't come quick enough for Donna.

"I can't stand the cold and I can't stand wrapping up warm so I don't really go out much until the weather's warmed up a lot more."

You mean a gorgeous babe like you is locked up all winter long? Criminal!

"I make up for it when the sun comes out though by wearing as little as possible whenever I go out!"

Now you're talking our kind of language!

"Yeah! This dress, I wore this a few times last summer out to clubs and stuff like that with a pair of black lace hot pants and got chatted up by more men in three nights than had spoken to me all year! That's why I love the summer, you can wear practically nothing and have your pick of the boys." Roll on summer! ♣

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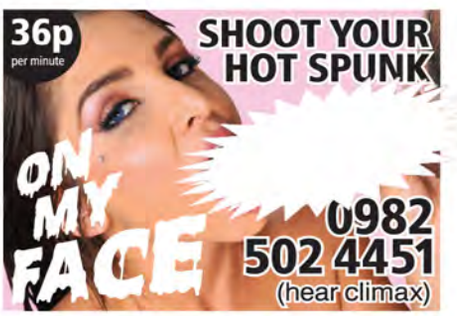

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18+. Helpdesk 0207 966 9616. Standard network charges apply. Women: Network charges only. Send STOP to 88199 to stop. You may be sent free mktg msgs for similar services. Text NO INFO to 88199 to opt out. IP: X-On.

TO ADVERTISE CONTACT MARK HASSELL ON 01932 223 625

CONTACTS

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live call back
No recordings, No Restrictions.
An uncensored and totally private phone affair.
All fantasies catered for.
Teenies to Grannies (18 -70) call from their own homes.
Book a Call Now!!
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SEX CONTACTS

Kimberly Single mum- doesn't get enough! I'm looking for No Strings SEX only!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 104**

Joanne Blonde 32DD - Midlands very dirty loves All ways!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 100**

Alison Curvy & very sexy. Looking for men to give sexy times. I'd love to dress up for you.
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 102**

Sam Petite size 6 - very sexual loves to please! Anything Goes!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 106**

Kelly Student, wants extra fun!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 108**

RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SEND PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL. COST£1.50/M TTEL BOX 4033 LONDON WC1N 3XX

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The Real Girlfriend Experience.
Book a Call Now!!
You'll never CUM anywhere else again!
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PLEASURE Dome

MASSAGE

SCANDINAVIAN BLONDE - Call Inga. Blonde, hot sexy beauty returns from Arizona **07736 361150**
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Sloane Street.
www.danishbritta.co.uk

SEX LINES

TIGHT asian SLUTS
"fuck my little holes long time"
CALL ONLY 35P per minute
"let me pleasure Your hard cock with my pussy"
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Service provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. Call cost 35p per minute plus your phone company's access charge. Calls recorded. Help: 03332002321. 18+ only. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile may receive free promo msgs, call 03332002321 to opt out.

Calls Recorded. 48p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145.

Calls Recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145.

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ladyboys
WANT THEIR TIGHT ASSHOLES PENETRATED DEEP NOW
35P per minute
DRILL ME DEEP WHILE I CALL WANK FOR YOU
0982 505 2044
Service provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. Call cost 35p per minute plus your phone company's access charge. Calls recorded. Help: 03332002321. 18+ only. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile may receive free promo msgs, call 03332002321 to opt out.

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Calls Recorded, 46p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145

SEX 1-2-1 NO BORING INTRO
Adult Chat
0909 534 22 66
Mobiles Call 69179 60p per min
Txt 'Wet' to 69695 £1.20 PER MSG P/C
from your mobile
We'll do anything

ADC Media PO Box 4504 M61 0GJ. Calls recorded & cost 36p per min plus your network access charge. 69179=60p per min. Over 18s. Bill payers permission. Texts cost £1.20 each to receive + standard network charges apply. To opt out of marketing send STOP ALL to 69695 at any time. We may send promo msgs. Helpline/Opt Out 0161 607 3017.

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HARDCORE • HARDCORE • HARDCORE • HARDCOR
FORCED TO BE A SISSY BITCH!
WELCOME TO SISSY SCHOOL!
46p PER MINUTE
TRAINED TO TAKE MISTRESSES COCK!
46p PER MINUTE
0908 140 1881

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10p PER MIN
MEN
0871.208.5000
WOMEN FREE
0333.014.9999
*0871 cost 10 pence per minute plus network extras. First Media Ltd. PO BOX 62424, E14 1FN. 18+. Help: 0203 763 5889

18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 60p per min

www.live121chat.com

LIVE 1-2-1
FUCK MY TIGHT HOT PUSSSY!
new
0909 854 33 40

LIVE 1-2-1
60+ chat
Betty wants HARD cock NOW!
0909 854 3341

FILTHIEST FONE FUCK
LIVE 1-2-1
0909 854 3330

the wank line
OPEN WIDE...
0909 854 3343

Live Sex chat
I'M ALL WET & HORNY SO FUCK ME!
0909 854 3342

30 SEC WANK
NO BORING INTRO!
0909 854 3331

LIVE FILL MY A**E
TILL IT'S DRIPPING WITH UR CUM
46p
0908 520 1102

She's a cock hungry
MILF
0909 854 3338

I'LL BE YOUR SLUT!
She's waiting for your cock!
CALL:
0909 854 3336

xXx GAY STORIES
from 31p
Dial & Spunk
0908 789 1100
LIVE 1-2-1: 0909 854 3335

LIVE SEX CHAT 1-2-1
Lick my fucking CUNT bitch!
0909 854 3333

HARD BONDAGE
LIVE 1-2-1 SEX!
0909 854 3339

Virgin Teen Chat
18+
CALL NOW!!
Get your COCK out and WANK with ME!
0909 854 3334

Smash the Granny out of this Granny!
XXX
0909 854 3344

FILTHY Confessions!
36p
CALL & CUM
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Virgin no more!
Lonely housewife fuck
My boss fucked me
Hard domination
Horny Lesbians
Gay confessions
My steamy first time

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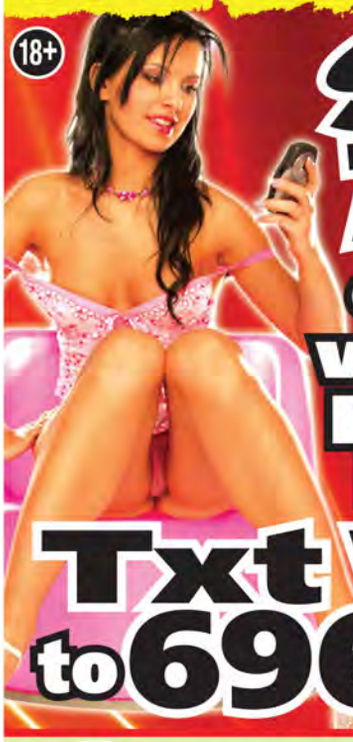
18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 60p per min

HARDCORE SEX LINES



18+

SEX TEXT

GIRLS waiting RIGHT NOW!

Txt Wet to 69695 £1.20 PER MSG/PIC

LISTEN IN! LIVE WANKING

BACKDOOR EXCITEMENT
0909 860 0011

18+ SUZY THE VIRGIN
0909 860 0012

NURSE ANGELA
0909 860 0013

SHAVE SILKY SMOOTH
0909 860 0014

HAND JOB
0909 860 0015

SUCK MY FEET
0909 860 0016

FAMILY DEAL
0909 860 0017

FRIEND'S STRAP ON
0909 860 0018

SEX SOUNDS
0909 860 0019

CREAM ON MY MASSIVE TITS
0909 860 0020

HOT STICKY PANTIES
0909 860 0021

NAUGHTY TIGHT 18+ VIRGIN
0909 860 0023

HORNY HOUSEWIFE
0909 860 0024

LICK YOUR MISTRESS
0909 860 0025

36p per minute FILTHY SLUT FINGER FUCK JUST FOR YOU
0909 860 0026

LIVE 1-2-1

Cheap Filthy Granny Chat

1-2-1

36p per minute 0909 860 0027 Mobiles 69179 60p per min

XXX Hardcore Quickie

ACTUAL SOUNDS!

LIVE FUCKING
0909 860 0079

SEX ADVICE LINES 1-2-1

AN*L SEX
0909 860 0028

FEMALE MASTURBATION
0909 860 0029

ORAL SEX (WOMEN)
0909 860 0030

ORAL SEX (MEN)
0909 860 0031

HOW TO TREAT 18+ A VIRGIN
0909 860 0032

SEXUAL DOMINATION
0909 860 0075

SIZE IS IT IMPORTANT?
0909 860 0076

LESBIAN POSITIONS
0909 860 0077

TV/TS ADVICE
0909 860 0078

18+ SQUEEZE INSIDE my TIGHT teen VIRGIN HOLE
36p per minute LIVE 0909 860 0080

FUCK ME while my husbands at work!
STRANGERS make my PUSSY so WET
LIVE 1-2-1 XXX FUCKING!!
0909 860 0081
36p per minute

36p per minute UNLOAD ON GRANNY!!
she's GAGGING for COCK! WANK OFF NOW
0909 860 0082 LIVE 1-2-1

36p per minute www.35p-cheap-phone-sex.com PHONE SEX 36p per minute

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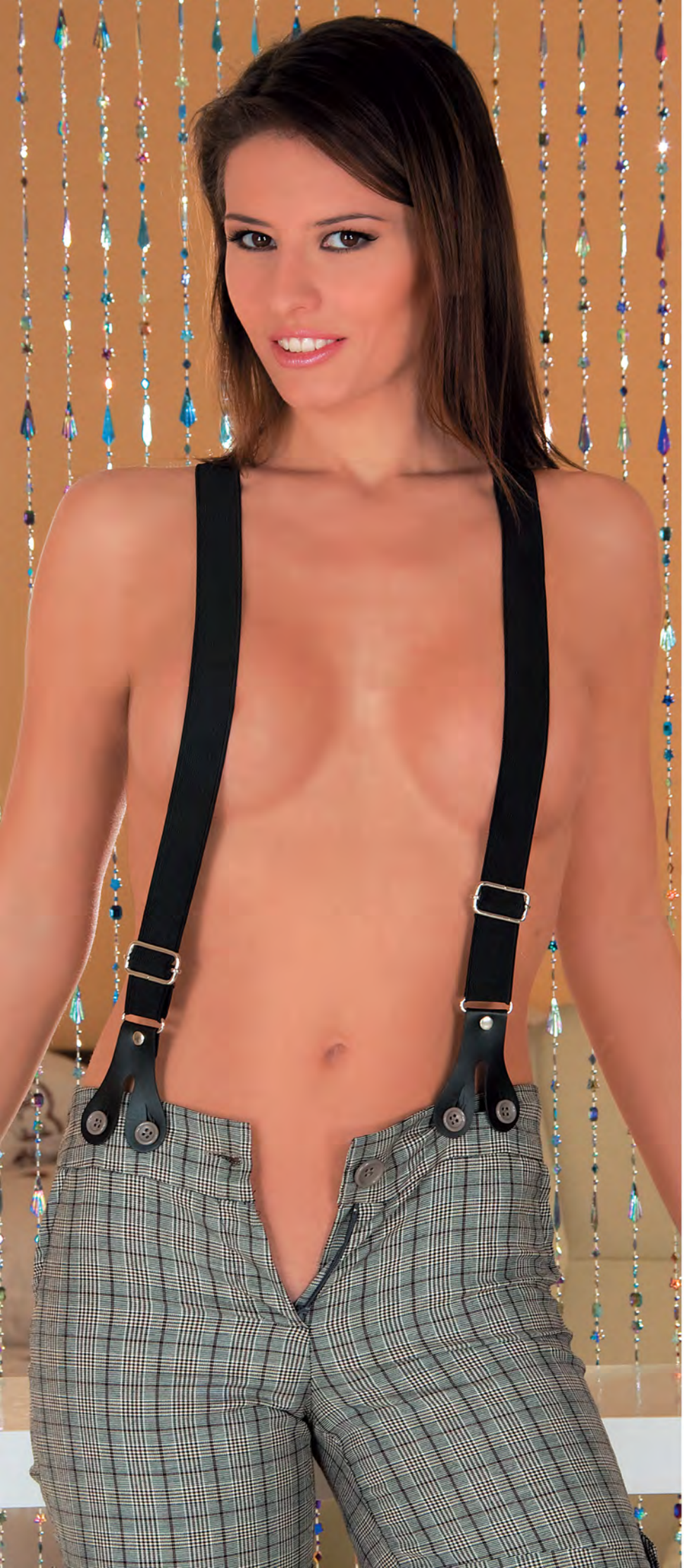


SNAP & TICKLE!

Shhh, Janine likes it mean!

PHOTOS: VLT

As sexy as it is, there's something very risky about wearing braces over bare boobs...

"Yeah, you can't resist twanging them and then letting them snap back, catching you right on the nipple!" laughed Janine, giving hers a little stretch. "The first time I did it, it brought tears to my eyes, but I've been practicing with them and if you do it just right it can be quite a turn-on. It's like having a couple of rough lads playing with your tits!"

And that's what you're into, is it?

"What rough sex or two guys at a time?"

Take your pick!

"Actually, I do like both of those things, but weirdly, I don't like them both at the same time. Except there's one little fantasy I've been having for a while now... good fuck-buddy, bad fuck-buddy. It's a little like the good cop, bad cop thing except you get fucked hard by one guy while the other kisses your ring!"

Hmm, sounds lovely! ♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT:
www.sexclub.co.uk

JANINE
clubXtra
Want the hardcore extras?
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

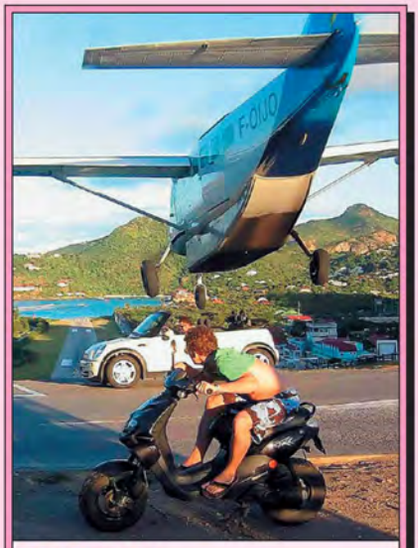
STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT THE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint@paulraymond.com

BARBECUED OR POACHED?
Finally, evidence of the lesser spotted rich idiot as it draws ever closer to death…

LIKE THE SIGN SAYS...
Never, in the history of Hackney borough council's sex education budgets, has a truer thing been written…

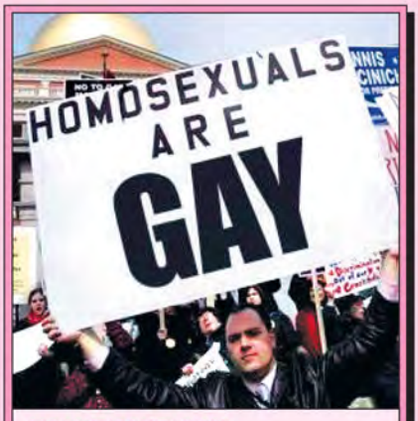
IT'S SNOW JOKE
Still, if you ever needed an excuse not to give a tramp in the street any money…



U.F.WOAH!
That is NOT what I meant when I asked for the buzz cut!

SURF SUPPER
Al fresco dining for sharks.

WHERE'S RAPEY?
"And next week, I'll be reading the news direct from Wormwood Scrubs…"



YOU DON'T SAY
When you're the world's most powerful nation, it's easy to forget.

ANSWER THE QUESTION!
Depends on who you're telling. Your wife? No. Your pimp? Yes.

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 37.05
ON SALE
24TH APRIL

RACK 'EM UP!

Nine ball in the centre pocket!

Sticky sweet – come and lick Candy's tasty treat!

Bend her like Beckham! Victoria's posh and peachy!

Blond ambition – Nikki's going all the way to the top – and the bottom!